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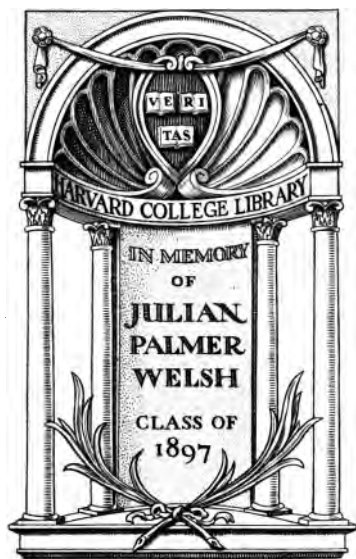
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# ENGLISH BARDS,

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ENGLISH BARDS  
AND  
COTCH REVIEWERS:

*A Satire.*

By LORD BYRON.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

SHAKESPEARE.

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,  
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

POPE.

A NEW EDITION,  
WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.  
TO WHICH IS ADDED  
FARE THEE WELL, A POEM.

Glasgow:

PRINTED FOR M<sup>c</sup>INTOSH & CO.  
AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCCXXV.

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✓  
*Welsh fund*

## LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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GEORGE GORDON, Lord Byron, had not only his own talents, but the pride of illustrious ancestry to boast; for even so early as the conquest, his family was distinguished, not merely for their extensive manors in Lancashire and other parts, but for their prowess in arms.

The last Lord Byron but one, had only one son, who held a commission in the army, and was killed in Corsica several years before the death of his father, which accelerated the succession of his present Lordship, as the infant grandson of the celebrated Admiral Byron, who was the eldest brother of the late Lord. This nobleman died on the 19th of May, 1791, by which means our hero became entitled to the title and estates of his illustrious ancestry. His Lordship's father married first the Baroness Conyers, daughter of Lord Holderness, by whom he had a daughter; and after her demise Miss Gordon of Gight, the mother of the noble Lord.

His Lordship spent a considerable portion of his early life in Scotland, where the wild and mountainous scenes which surrounded him, contributed not a little to strengthen the mighty energies of his mind, and to imprint on his vivid imagination those powerful and beautiful images of natural grandeur and wildness which characterise all his writings. At times, his Lordship would exclude himself from his ordinary companions, and wander alone amid the majestic and sublime scenery of the Highlands, until his soul seemed tinged with those elements of real sublimity, and drank a species of inspiration from the mists of the mountains, the wild waves of the ocean, and the black adamant of its terrific boundaries.

The celebrated school at Harrow, and the University of Cambridge, had the honour of adding the polish of education to the innate powers of his mind, and several of his academic companions can relate not a few instances of his precocious talents and strange eccentricities. At this early period of his life he made many voluntary excursions to the Aonian Hill, and drank largely of the Castalian stream, which, the work he published under the title of *Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems, original and translated*, sufficiently proves; yet, premature as these poetic attempts might be considered, and notwithstanding the severity with which the Editor of the Edinburgh Review handled them, there are numerous original beauties in many of the pieces, which proved the harbingers of the splendid galaxy that succeeded them.

These poems were published at Newark in 1805, when his Lordship was nineteen years of age; and from the dates prefixed, it appears that the majority were written between his sixteenth and eighteenth year.

This critique elicited from his Lordship one of the bitterest and most powerful satires ever published.

Lord Byron declares towards the termination of the poem, that it was his intention to close, from that period, his connexion with the Muses, and that should he return in safety from the "Minarets" of Constantinople, the "Maidens of Georgia," and the "sublime snows" of Mount Caucasus, nothing on earth should tempt him to resume the pen.

Happily for the republic of letters this resolution was not preserved; and the noble Bard, with that generosity which usually accompanies true genius, has not only forgiven the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, but flatteringly alludes to him in one of his poems.

In more than one instance, Lord Byron exhibits his attachment to Scotland. His remembrances of the scenes of his childhood are recorded in an early poem on *Lochnagar*, a mountain which he describes as "one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our Caledonian Alps." Though the verses were among his earliest poetical efforts, they have much poetical force, and are by no means devoid of harmony.

Among the early amusements of his Lordship, were

swimming and managing a boat, in both of which he is said to have acquired a great dexterity even in his childhood. In his aquatic excursions near Newstead Abbey, he had seldom any other companion than a large Newfoundland dog, to try whose sagacity and fidelity, he would sometimes fall out of the boat, as if by accident, when the dog would seize him, and drag him ashore. On losing this dog, in the autumn of 1808, his Lordship caused a monument to be erected, commemorative of its attachment, with an inscription, from which we extract the following lines:—

“Ye who perchance, behold this sacred urn,  
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn!  
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—  
I never knew but one, and here he lies.”

His Lordship, when very young, was placed under the guardianship of Mr. Wh—te, an eminent solicitor, who by a singular coincidence of circumstances, had likewise become the guardian of the accomplished Miss Ch—th, whose father had formerly fallen a victim to the deadly resentment of a very near relative of his Lordship.

To this lady, notwithstanding the family feud, it was the wish of their guardian, Lord Byron should be united; and there are pretty strong grounds for supposing that the inclinations of his Lordship were not at variance with the intentions of his guardian. The lady, however, from family circumstances, and perhaps still more from an early-formed attachment to J. M—sters, Esq. then honoured, from his fashionable notoriety, with the more familiar appellation of “the gay Jack M—sters,” was far from being a willing ward. His Lordship's pride would not suffer him to woo a reluctant fair one in *propria persona*, yet he expressed the warmth of his feelings very frequently in his invocation of the Muses.

Mr. M—sters was a pretty constant attendant upon Miss Ch—th, and for the purpose of avoiding him, Mr. Wh—te, his two sisters, Lord Byron, and the unwilling fair, were dragged in rapid succession from one watering place to another throughout the country, while he followed in pursuit.

It was useless, however, contending with destiny. His Lordship's fate was not to be united with that of

Miss Ch——th, notwithstanding the ardency of his attachment, and the influence of their guardian.

The anguish produced by unrequited love and disappointed ambition on a mind like his Lordship's, may be more easily conceived than described;—fits of gloominess and gaiety, desperation and dissipation, alternately prevailed in rapid succession, until the Muses, the invariable confidants of intense passion, gently soothed the irritation of his heart, by presenting to his over-credulous imagination a bright perspective of poetical honours and perennial triumphs. He shortly afterwards published his *Minor Poems*. Their fate and its consequences have been already described. This last and long-cherished hope was apparently blasted for ever, and he could no longer look for consolation, under the extreme anguish of his feelings, to literary glory. This drove him to the verge of madness; his mind and conduct were entirely metamorphosed; naturally mirthful, he became suddenly melancholy; he shunned, despised, and hated every one; the sulkiness of his disposition was converted into the gall of misanthropy; and the conflicting passions, which, like vultures, preyed upon the tenderest fibres of his heart, goaded him to a determination to quit the scenes where circumstances and associations only served to awaken recollections which tortured his soul to madness.

On arriving at the age of manhood, Lord Byron took a long leave of his native country, in the view of making a tour in foreign lands; but as the ordinary course of travelling through Europe was impeded by the war which prevailed between England and France, he embarked at Falmouth for Lisbon. In 1809, he passed through Portugal and Spain, touched at Malta and Sicily, and proceeded to the Morea and Constantinople: during part of which tour he was accompanied by Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, the present colleague of Sir Francis Burdett in the representation of Westminster.

His Lordship had a narrow escape, in 1810, from a fever, in the vicinity of the place where he has just ended his life, and when he experienced the fidelity of the Albanians.

While the *Salsette* frigate, in which Lord Byron was a passenger to Constantinople, lay in the *Dardanelles*, a

discourse arose among some of the officers, respecting the practicability of swimming across the Hellespont.—Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead agreed to make the trial; they accordingly performed this enterprise on the 3d May, 1810.

After an absence of nearly three years, Lord Byron revisited his native shores, and exhibited the advantages of travelling, in his "*Childe Harold*," the plan of which was laid at Albania and prosecuted at Athens, where it received some of its finest touches and most splendid ornaments.

His Lordship published in rapid succession the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, and the *Corsair*, the spirit and brilliancy of all which poems are great.

On the 2d of January, 1815, Lord Byron married at Seham, in the county of Durham, the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank Noel, Baronet; and towards the close of the same year, his Lady brought him a daughter, for whom he always manifested the strongest affection. Within a few weeks, however, after that event, a separation took place, for which various causes have been stated.

Within a few weeks, however, after the separation took place, Lord Byron suddenly left the kingdom with the resolution never to return.

He crossed over to France, through which he passed rapidly to Brussels, taking in his way a survey of the field of Waterloo. He proceeded to Coblenz, and thence up the Rhine as far as Basle. After visiting some of the most remarkable scenes in Switzerland, he proceeded to the North of Italy.—He took up his abode for some time at Venice, where he was joined by Mr. Hobhouse, who accompanied him in an excursion to Rome, where he completed his *Childe Harold*.

His Lordship resided for sometime at Pisa; and during his stay in Italy wrote numerous poetical productions, including his *Don Juan*, *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, three or four tragedies, and, in conjunction with Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelly, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, commenced the *Liberal*, to which he contributed some papers.

In most of his poems Lord Byron displays the most fond and ardent attachment to Greece, whose fate he beautifully describes in one of his poems.





ergies of his body and of his mind, were but for the restoration of her freedom ; to her cause his loss is irreparable.

Lord Byron's genius was of the very first order : he was one of those characters from whose existence new eras date their commencement : that fresh career of society which is beginning in Europe wanted the stimulus of a mind like his, to carry it onward to happiness and to glory : he was no lover of revolutions ; he looked only to the improvement of which the political condition of mankind was capable, by the diffusion of knowledge, and the just estimate of independence. It was with these views that he aided Greece to the utmost of his means to rescue herself from the claims of her oppressor, and rise again to life and liberty.

Cut off in the prime of life, and in the very summer of his mental power, his death is on that account rendered additionally painful in itself : yet he certainly could not have died under circumstances more favourable to his fame.

He had already established a reputation as the great poetical ornament of his age ; and he had acquired, in spite of the prejudices of rank and wealth, that honour and esteem from mankind, which are ensured by a strong sensibility to their wrongs, and a vivid indignation against their oppressors. He was pursuing a career of glory, labouring hand and heart in the purest cause of modern times, on the most illustrious soil in the world. His celebrity as a patriot was bidding fair to rival his reputation as a poet—a rare conjunction of honours ! He had the fortune which he thought Napoleon's reputation so much wanted, when he reproached him with not dying in the field of battle.



## PREFACE.

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ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turn'd from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally who did not commence on the offensive. An Author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases: and the Authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them: I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this Edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the First Edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written and inserted at the request of an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of Poetry. In the present Edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being, that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner, a determination not to publish with my name any production which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned, or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the Author that there can be little difference of opinion in the Public at large ; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, bywhom his abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured, renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten ; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the Author, that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure, but Mr. GIRFORD has devoted himself to MASSINGER, and in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quakery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered, as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the *Edinburgh Reviewers* ; it would, indeed, require a Hercules to crush the Hydra : but if the Author succeeds in merely “ bruising one of the heads of the serpent,” though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

# ENGLISH BARDS,

ꝯc. ꝯc.

Our task complete, like HAMET's\* shall be free;  
 Though spurned by others, yet beloved by me:  
 Then let us soar to-day, no common theme,  
 No Eastern vision, no distempered dream  
 Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain;  
 Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sovereign sway,  
 And men, through life her willing slaves, obey;  
 When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,  
 Unfolds her motley store to suit the time; 30  
 When Knaves and Fools, combined, o'er all prevail—  
 When Justice halts, and Right begins to fail,  
 E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,  
 Afraid of Shame, unknown to other fears.  
 More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,  
 And shrink from Ridicule, though not from Law.

Such is the force of Wit! but not belong  
 To me the arrows of satiric song:  
 The royal vices of our age demand 40  
 A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.  
 Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,  
 And yield at least amusement in the race:  
 Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,  
 The cry is up, and scribblers are my game:  
 Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,  
 Ode! Epic! Elegy!—have at you all!  
 I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time  
 I poured along the town a flood of rhyme,  
 A school-boy freak, unworthy praise or blame:  
 I printed—older children do the same. 50  
 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;  
 A Book's a Book, although there's nothing in't.  
 Not that a Title's sounding charm can save  
 Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:  
 This, LAMBE must own, since his patrician name  
 Failed to preserve the spurious Farce from shame.†

\* Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of Don Quixote. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

† This ingenuous youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

No matter, GEORGE continues still to write,\*  
 Though now the name is veiled from public sight.  
 Moved by the great example, I pursue  
 The self-same road, but make my own review : 60  
 Not seek great JEFFREY's, yet like him will be  
 Self-constituted Judge of Poesy.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade  
 Save Censure, Critics all are ready made.  
 Take hackneyed jokes from MILLER, got by rote,  
 With just enough of learning to misquote ;  
 A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault,  
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt ;  
 To JEFFREY go, be silent and discreet,  
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet : 70  
 Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit ;  
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit ;  
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,  
 And stand a Critic hated yet caressed.

And shall we own such judgment?—no ! as soon  
 Seek roses in December, ice in June ;  
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,  
 Believe a woman, or an epitaph,  
 Or any other thing that's false, before  
 You trust in Critics who themselves are sore ; 80  
 Or yield one single thought to be misled  
 By JEFFREY's heart, or LAMBE's Bæotian head.†

To these young tyrants,‡ by themselves misplaced,  
 Combined usurpers on the Throne of Taste ;  
 To these when Authors bend in humble awe  
 And hail their voice as Truth, their word as Law ;  
 While these are censors, 'twould be sin to spare ;  
 While such are Critics, why should I forbear ?

\* In the Edinburgh Review.

† Messrs Jeffrey and Lambe are the Alpha and Omega, the first and last, of the Edinburgh Review ; the others are mentioned hereafter.

*Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique  
 occurrat perituras parare chartas."*

*Juvenal Satire I.*



But yet so near all modern worthies run,  
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun ; 90  
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,  
 Our Bards and Censors are so much alike.

\* Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er  
 The path that POPE and GIFFORD trod before?  
 If not yet sickened, you can still proceed ;  
 Go on ; my rhyme will tell you as you read.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days  
 Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise,  
 When Sense and Wit, with Poesy allied,  
 No fabled Graces, flourished side by side, 100  
 From the same fount their inspiration drew,  
 And, reared by Taste, bloomed fairer as they grew :  
 Then, in this happy Isle, a POPE's pure strain  
 Sought the wrapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain ;  
 A polished nation's praise aspired to claim,  
 And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.  
 Like him great DRYDEN poured the tide of song,  
 In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.  
 Then CONGREVE's scenes could cheer, or OTWAY's melt ;  
 For Nature then an English audience felt. 110  
 But why these names, or greater still, retrace,  
 When all to feebler Bards resign their place ?  
 Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,  
 When Taste and Reason with those times are past.  
 Now look around, and turn each trifling page,  
 Survey the precious works that please the age ;  
 This truth, at least, let Satire's self allow,  
 No dearth of Bards can be complained of now :  
 The loaded press beneath her labour groans,  
 And Printer's devils shake their weary bones, 120  
 While SOUTHEY's Epics cram the creaking shelves,  
 And LITTLE's Lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves.

Thus saith the Preacher † " nought beneath the sun  
 Is new," yet still from change to change we run.

\* IMITATION.

" Cur tamen hoc libet potius decurrere campo  
 Per quem magnus equos Auruncus flexit alumnus ;  
 Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam."

Juvenal, Satire 1.

† Ecclesiastes, chap. 1.

What varied wonders tempt us as they pass !  
 The Cow-pox, Tractors, Galvanism, and Gas,  
 In turns appear to make the vulgar stare  
 Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air !  
 Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,  
 Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize : 130  
 O'er-Taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail ;  
 Each country Book-club bows the knee to Baal,  
 And, hurling lawful Genius from the throne,  
 Erects a shrine and idol of its own :  
 Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,  
 From soaring SOUTHEY down to grovelling STOTT.\*

Behold ! in various throngs the scribbling crew,  
 For notice eager, pass in long review :  
 Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,  
 And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race ; 140  
 Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode,  
 And Tales of Terror jostle on the road ;  
 Immeasurable measures move along,  
 For simpering Folly loves a varied song,  
 To strange mysterious Dulness still the friend,  
 Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.  
 Thus Lays of Minstrels †—may they be the last !  
 On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast,

\* Stott, better known in the "Morning Post" by the name of Hafiz. This person is at present the most profound explorer of the Bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special ode of Master Stott's beginning thus;

(Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.)

"Princely offspring of Braganza,  
 Erin greets thee with a Stanza," &c. &c.

Also a sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering ode, commencing as follows;

"Oh ! for a lay ! loud as the surge  
 That lashes Leland's sounding shore."

Lord have mercy on us ! the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was nothing to this.

† See the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the ground-work of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning prologuising to Bayes' Tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, "a stark mountrooper," videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highway-

While mountain-spirits prate to river sprites,  
That dames may listen to the sound at nights; 150  
And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood  
Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,  
And skip, at every step, Lord knows how high,  
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;  
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,  
Forbidding Knights to read who cannot spell,  
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,  
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,  
The golden-crested haughty Marmion, 160  
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,  
Not quite a Felon, yet but half a Knight,  
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;  
A mighty mixture of the great and base.  
And think'st thou, SCOTT! by vain conceit perchance,  
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,  
Though MURRAY with his MILLER may combine  
To yield thy Muse just half-a-crown per line?  
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,  
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade. 170  
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,  
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;  
Low may they sink to merited contempt,  
And scorn remunerate the vain attempt!  
Such be their meed, such still the just reward  
Of prostituted Muse and hireling bard!

man. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read, can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, " 'twas his neck-verse at hair-ree, " i. e. the gallows.

The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chef d'œuvre*s in the improvement of taste. For incident, we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear, bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a Knight and Charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful Booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and, truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter Ballad imitations.

For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,  
And bid a long "good night to Marmion."\*

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;  
These are the Bards to whom the Muse must bow : 180  
While MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE, alike forgot,  
Resign their hallowed Bays to WALTER SCOTT.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,  
When HOMER swept the lyre, and MARO sung,  
An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim,  
While awe-struck nations hailed the magic name :  
The work of each immortal Bard appears  
The single wonder of a thousand years.†  
Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,  
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,  
Without the glory such a strain can give,  
As even in ruin bids the language live.  
Not so with us, though minor Bards content,  
On one great work a life of labour spent;  
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,  
Behold the Ballad-monger SOUTHEY rise !  
To him let CAMOENS, MILTON, TASSO, yield,  
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.  
First in the rank see Joan of Arc advance,  
The scourge of England and the boast of France ! 200  
Though burnt by wicked BEDFORD for a witch,  
Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche ;  
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,  
A virgin Phoenix from her ashes risen.  
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,‡  
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son ;

\* " Good night to Marmion," the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

† As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the story of the Iliad, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the " Paradise Lost," and " Jerusalem Liberata," as their standard efforts, since neither the " Jerusalem Conquered " of the Italian, nor the " Paradise Regained " of the English Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query : Which of Mr. Southey's will survive ?

‡ Thalaba, Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. Joan of Arc was marvellous enough, but Thalaba was one of those poems, " which " in the words of Forster, " will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten," but—not till then.

Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew  
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.  
 Immortal Hero! all thy foes o'ercome,  
 For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb! 210  
 Since startled metre fled before thy face,  
 Well wert thou doomed the last of all thy race!  
 Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence,  
 Illustrious conqueror of common sense!  
 Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,  
 Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;  
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,  
 More old than Mandeville's and not so true.  
 Oh! SOUTHEY! SOUTHEY! \* cease thy varied song!  
 A Bard may chaunt too often and too long: 220  
 As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!  
 A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.  
 But if, in spite of all the world can say,  
 Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;  
 If still in Berkley Ballads most uncivil,  
 Thou wilt devote old women to the devil, †  
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:  
 "God help thee" SOUTHEY, and thy readers too. ‡

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,  
 That mild apostate from poetic rule, 230  
 The simple WORDSWORTH, framer of a lay,  
 As soft as evening in his favourite May,  
 Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,  
 And quit his books for fear of growing double; §"

\* We beg Mr. Southey's pardon. "Madoc disdains the degraded title of *epic*." See his preface. Why is *Epic* degraded? And by whom? Certainly the less Romancers of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pyc, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the *Epic* Muse; but as Mr. Southey's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore, in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

† See "The Old Woman of Berkley," a Ballad by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, "on a high trotting horse."

‡ The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-jacobin to Mr. Southey, on his Dactyls:

"God help thee, silly one."—Poetry of the Anti-jacobin, p. 23.

§ Lyrical Ballads, page 4.—"The tables turned." Stanza I.

"Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks,  
 Why all this toil and trouble?"

Who both by precept and example shows  
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,  
 Convincing all, by demonstration plain,  
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane;  
 And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme  
 Contain the essence of the true sublime : 240  
 Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,  
 The idiot mother of "an idiot boy ;"  
 A moon-struck silly lad who lost his way,  
 And, like his Bard, confounded night with day ;  
 So close on each pathetic part he dwells,  
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,  
 That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"  
 Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle COLERIDGE pass unnoticed here,  
 To turgid ode, and tumid stanza dear ? 250  
 Though themes of innocence amuse him best,  
 Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.  
 If Inspiration should her aid refuse  
 To him who takes a Pixy for a muse,\*  
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
 The bard who soars to elegize an ass.  
 How well the subject suits his noble mind !  
 "A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind."

Oh! wonder-working LEWIS! Monk or Bard,  
 Who fain would make Parnassus a churchyard ! 260  
 Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,  
 Thy Muse a Sprite, Apollo's sexton thou !  
 Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,  
 By gibb'ring spectres hailed, thy kindred band ;

Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,  
 Or surely you'll grow double,<sup>†</sup>

Mr W. in his preface labours hard to prove that prose and verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable.

"And thus to Betty's question he  
 Made answer like a traveller bold,  
 The cock did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,  
 And the sun did shine so cold." &c. &c.

*Lyrical Ballads*, page 129.

\* Coleridge's Poems, page 11. Songs of the Pixies, &c. Devonshire Fancies, p 42 we have "Lines to a young Lady," and p 52, "Lines to a young Ass."

Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,  
 To please the females of our modest age,  
 All hail, M. P. !<sup>a</sup> from whose infernal brain  
 Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;  
 At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,  
 And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds, 270  
 With "small gray men,"—"wild yagers," and what-not,  
 To crown with honour, thee, and WALTER SCOTT :  
 Again all hail ! if tales like thine may please,  
 St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease ;  
 Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,  
 And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir  
 Of Virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,  
 With sparkling eyes, and cheeks by passion flushed,  
 Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hushed ?  
 'Tis LITTLE ! young Catullus of his day,  
 As sweet, but as immoral in his lay !  
 Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,  
 Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.  
 Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns ;  
 From grosser incense with disgust she turns :  
 Yet, kind to you, this expiation o'er,  
 She bids thee "mend thy line and sin no more."

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,  
 To whom such glittering ornaments belong, 280  
 Hibernian STRANGFORD ! with thine eyes of blue,†  
 And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,  
 Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Miss admires,  
 And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,  
 Learn, if thou can'st, to yield thine author's sense,  
 Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.  
 Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,  
 By dressing CAMOENS ‡ in a suit of lace ?

<sup>a</sup> "For every one knows little Matt's an M. P."—See a Poem to Mr. Lewis, in *The Statesman*, supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

† The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to "*Strangford's Camoens*," page 127, note to page 56, or to the last page of the *Edinburgh Review* of *Strangford's Camoens*.

‡ It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as *Poems of Camoens*, are no more to be found in the original Portuguese, than in the Song of Solomon.

Mend, STRANGFORD ! mend thy morals and thy Taste ;  
 Be warm, but pure, be amorous but be chaste : 300  
 Cease to deceive ; thy pilfered harp restore,  
 Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy MOORE.

In many marble-covered volumes view  
 HAYLEY in vain attempting something new :  
 Whether he spins his comedies in rhyme,  
 Or, scrawl, as WOOD and BARCLAY walk, 'gainst time,  
 His style in youth or age is still the same ;  
 For ever feeble and for ever tame.  
 Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine !  
 At least I'm sure they triumphed over mine. 310  
 Of "Music's Triumphs" all who read may swear  
 That luckless music never triumphed there.\*

Moravians rise ! bestow some meet reward  
 On dull devotion—lo ! the Sabbath Bard,  
 Sepulchral GRAMAME, pours his notes sublime,  
 In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme,  
 Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,  
 And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch ;  
 And, undisturbed by conscientious qualms,  
 Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.† 320

Hail Sympathy ! thy soft idea brings  
 A thousand visions of a thousand things,  
 And shows, dissolv'd in thine own melting tears,  
 The maudlin Prince of mournful sonneteers.  
 And art thou not their Prince, harmonious BOWLES !  
 Thou first, great oracle of tender souls ?  
 Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,  
 Or consolation in a yellow leaf ;

\* Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are, "Triumphs of Temper," and "Triumphs of Music." He has also written much Comedy in Rhyme, Epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr. H's consideration ; viz. "to convert his poetry into prose," which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

† Mr. Gramame has poured forth two volumes of Cant, under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."



Whether thy muse most lamentably tells  
 What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,\* 330  
 Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend,  
 In every chime that jingled from Ostend?  
 Ah! how much juster were thy Muse's hap,  
 If to thy bells thou would'st but add a cap!  
 Delightful BOWLES! still blessing, and still blest,  
 All love thy strain, but children like it best.  
 'Tis thine, with gentle LITTLE's moral song,  
 To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!  
 With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,  
 Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years: 340  
 But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;  
 She quits poor BOWLES, for LITTLE's purer strain.  
 Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine  
 The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;  
 "Awake a louder and a loftier strain," †  
 Such as none heard before, or will again!  
 Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,  
 Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,  
 By more or less, are sung in every book,  
 From Captain NOAH down to Captain COOK. 350  
 Nor this alone, but pausing on the road,  
 The Bard sighs forth a gentle episode; ‡  
 And gravely tells—attend each beauteous Miss!—  
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.  
 BOWLES! in thy memory let this precept dwell,  
 Stick to thy Sonnets, man! at least they sell.  
 But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,  
 Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe,  
 If, chance some hard, though once by dunces feared,  
 Now, prone in dust, can only be revered; 360

See Bowles' Sonnets, &c.—"Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend."

† "Awake a louder," &c. &c., is the first line in Bowles's "Spirit of Discovery," a very spirited and pretty dwarf Epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following—

"A kiss

Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet

Here heard; they trembled even as if the power," &c. &c.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.

‡ The Episode above alluded to, is the story of "Robert a Machin," and "Anna d'Arret," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above-mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

If POPE, whose fame and genius from the first  
 Have foiled the best of critics, needs the worst,  
 Do thou essay ; each fault, each failing scan ;  
 The first of poets was, alas ! but man !  
 Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,  
 Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in CURLL ;\*  
 Let all the scandals of a former age,  
 Perch on thy pen and flutter o'er thy page ;  
 Affect a candour which thou can'st not feel  
 Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal: 370  
 Write, as if St. JOHN's soul could still inspire,  
 And do from hate, what† MALLET did for hire.  
 Oh ! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,  
 To rave with DENNIS, and with RALPH to rhyme,†  
 Throng'd with the rest around his living head,  
 Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,  
 A meet reward had crowned thy glorious gains,  
 And linked thee to the Dunciad for thy pains. ||

Another Epic ! who inflicts again  
 More books of blank upon the sons of men ? 380  
 Boeotian COTTLE, rich Bristowa's boast,  
 Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,  
 And sends his goods to market—all alive !  
 Lines forty thousand, Cantos twenty-five !  
 Fresh fish from Helicon ! who'll buy ? who'll buy ?  
 The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.  
 Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,  
 Too much o'er bowls of Rack prolong the night :  
 If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,  
 And AMOS COTTLE strikes the lyre in vain. 390

\* Carl is one of the Herons of the Dunciad, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."

† Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke (the Patriot King), which that splendid, but malignant genius, had ordered to be destroyed.

‡ Dennis, the critic, and Ralph, the rhymster.

" Silence ye wolves ! While Ralph to Cynthia howls,  
 Making night hideous, answer him ye owls !"

*Dunciad.*

|| See Bowles' late edition of Pope's works, for which he received 300 pounds : thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

In him an author's luckless lot behold !  
 Condemned to make the books which once he sold.  
 Oh ! "AMOS COTTLE !"—Phœbus ! what a name  
 To fill the speaking trump of future fame !—  
 Oh ! AMOS COTTLE : for a moment think  
 What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !  
 When thus devoted to poetic dreams,  
 Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?  
 Oh ! pen perverted ! paper misapplied !  
 Had \*COTTLE still adorned the counter's side, 400  
 Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,  
 Been taught to make the paper which he soils,  
 Ploughed, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,  
 He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep  
 Rolls the huge rock, whose motions ne'er may sleep,  
 So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond ! heaves  
 Dull MAURICE† all his granite weight of leaves :  
 Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain !  
 The petrifications of a plodding brain, 410  
 That ere they reach the top fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,  
 Lo ! sad ALCÆUS wanders down the vale !  
 Though fair they rose, and might have bloomed at last,  
 His hopes have perished by the Northern blast :  
 Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,  
 His blossoms wither as the blast prevails !  
 O'er his lost works let *classic* SHEFFIELD weep :  
 May no rude hand disturb their early sleep !‡

Yet, say ! why should the Bard at once resign 420  
 His claim to favour from the sacred Nine ?

\* Mr. Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once *editors* of books they did not write, and now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of Epics. "Alfred," (poor Alfred ! Pye has been at him too!) "Alfred" and the "Fall of Cambria."

† Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of "Richmond Hill," and the like—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

‡ Poor Montgomery ! though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable

For ever startled by the mingled howl  
 Of Northern wolves that still in darkness prowl ;  
 A coward brood which mangle as they prey,  
 By hellish instinct, all that cross their way :  
 Aged or young, the living or the dead,  
 No mercy find,—these harpies must be fed.  
 Why do the injured unresisting yield  
 The calm possession of their native field ?  
 Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat, 430  
 Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to ARTHUR's seat ?\*

Health to immortal JEFFREY ! once, in name,  
 England could boast a judge almost the same :  
 In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,  
 Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,  
 And given the Spirit to the world again,  
 To sentence Letters, as he sentenced men.  
 With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,  
 With voice as willing to decree the rack ;  
 Bred in the Courts betimes, though all that law 440  
 As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw.  
 Since, well instructed in the patriot school  
 To rail at party, though a party tool,  
 Who knows ? if chance his patrons should restore  
 Back to the sway they forfeited before,  
 His scribbling toils some recompence may meet  
 And raise this DANIEL to the judgment-seat.  
 Let JEFFRIES' shade indulge the pious hope,  
 And greeting thus, present him with a rope :  
 " Heir to my virtues ! man of equal mind ! 450  
 Skilled to condemn, as to traduce mankind,  
 This cord receive ! for thee reserved with care,  
 To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great JEFFREY ! Heaven preserve his life  
 To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,  
 And guard it sacred in his future wars,  
 Since Authors sometimes seek the field of Mars !

gains : his " Wanderer of Switzerland " is worth a thousand " Lyrical Ballads,"  
 and at least fifty " Degraded Epics."

\* Arthur's seat; the hill that overhangs Edinburgh.

Can none remember that eventful day,  
 That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,  
 When LITTLE's leadless pistol met his eye, 460  
 And Bow-street Myrmidons stood laughing by?<sup>\*</sup>  
 Oh! day disastrous! on her firm-set rock,  
 Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;  
 Dark rolled the sympathetic waves of Forth,  
 Low groaned the startled whirlwinds of the North;  
 TWEED ruffled half his waves to form a tear,  
 The other half pursued its calm career;†  
 ARTHUR's steep summit nodded to its base,  
 The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;  
 The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can, 470  
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—  
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,  
 If JEFFREY died, except within her arms:‡  
 Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn  
 The sixteenth story where himself was born,  
 His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,  
 And pale Edina shuddered at the sound:  
 Strewed were the streets around with milk-white reams,  
 Flowed all the Canongate with inky streams;  
 This of his candour seemed the sable dew, 480  
 That of his valour showed the bloodless hue.  
 And all with justice deemed the two combined  
 The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.  
 But Caledonia's Goddess hovered o'er  
 The field, and saved him from the wrath of MOORE;  
 From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead,  
 And straight restored it to her favourite's head.

<sup>\*</sup> In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the Magistracy; and on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. The incident gave occasion to much waggonery in the daily prints.

† The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum: it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

‡ This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth, (the principal prison in Edinburgh) which truly seems to have been most afflicted on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front, might have rendered the Edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little softish.

That head, with greater than magnetic power,  
Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower,  
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine, 490  
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.

"My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,  
Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;

O'er politics and poesy preside,  
Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!

For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,

Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,

So long shall last thine unmolested reign,

Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.

Behold a chosen band shall aid thy plan, 500

And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.

First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen

The travelled Thane! Athenian Aberdeen.\*

HERBERT shall wield THOR's hammer,† and sometimes

In gratitude thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes.

Smug SYDNEY‡ too thy bitter page shall seek,

And classic HALLAM§ much renowned for Greek.

SCOTT may perchance his name and influence lend,

And paltry PILLANS|| shall traduce his friend.

\* His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of "Gells' Topography of Troy.

† Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a "Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer;" the translation is a pleasant chaunt in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:—

"Instead of money and rings I wot,  
The hammer's bruises were her lot:  
Thus Odin's son his hammer got,"

‡ The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed Author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms.

§ Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's Taste, and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein: it was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.

The said Hallam is incensed, because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dined at Holland House.—If this be true, I am sorry,—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions.—If he did not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text, provided nevertheless the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse; till then, Hallam must stand for want of a better.

|| Pillans is a tutor at Eton.

While gay Thalia's luckless votary, LAMBE,\* 510  
 As he himself was damned, shall try to damn.  
 Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway !  
 Thy HOLLAND's banquets shall each toil repay ;  
 While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes  
 To HOLLAND's hirelings, and to Learning's foes.  
 Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review  
 Spreads its light wings of Saffron and of Blue,  
 Beware lest blundering BROUGHAM† destroy the sale,  
 Turn Beef to Bannocks, Cauliflowers to Kail." 520  
 Thus having said, the kilted Goddess kist  
 Her son, and vanished in a Scottish mist‡.

Illustrious HOLLAND ! hard would be his lot  
 His hirelings mentioned, and himself forgot !  
 HOLLAND, with HENRY PETTY at his back,  
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.  
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,  
 Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse !  
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,  
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.  
 See honest HALLAM lay aside his fork, 530  
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,

\* The honourable G. Lambe reviewed "Beresford's" *Miseries*, and is, moreover, Author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Staines, and damned with great expedition at the late Theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled "Whistle for It."

† Mr. Brougham, in No. xxv. of the *Edinburgh Review*, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cavallos, has displayed more politics than policy: many of the worthy Burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Bonderer, and his name is pronounced Broom, from Trent to Tay ;—so be it.

‡ I ought to apologize to the worthy Deities for introducing a new Goddess with short petticoats to their notice; but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's Genius, it being well known there is no Genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "Kelpies," &c. are too unpoetical, and the "Brownies" and "gude neighbours" (spirits of a good disposition) refused to enthrone him. A Goddess, therefore, has been called for the purpose, and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

And, grateful to the founder of the feast,  
 Declare his landlord can translate at least? \*  
 Dunedin! view thy children with delight,  
 They write for food, and feed because they write:  
 And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,  
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,  
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,  
 My lady skims the cream of each critique;  
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,  
 540  
 Reforms each error and refines the whole. †

Now to the Drama turn—oh! motley sight!  
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!  
 Puns, and a Prince within a barrel pent, ‡  
 And DIBDIN's nonsense, yield complete content.  
 Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,  
 And full-grown actors are endured once more;  
 Yet, what avails their vain attempts to please,  
 While British critics suffer scenes like these?  
 While REYNOLDS vents his "dammes, poohs," and  
 550  
 "zounds," §

And common place, and common sense confounds?  
 While KENNY's World, just suffered to proceed,  
 Proclaims the audience very kind indeed?  
 And BEAUMONT's pilfered Caratach affords  
 A tragedy complete in all but words? ||  
 Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,  
 The degradation of our vaunted stage?  
 Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent gone?  
 Have we no living Bard of merit?—none?

\* Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the Author; both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests;

† Certain it is, her Ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review; however that may be, we know from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal; no doubt for correction.

‡ In the melo drama of Tekeli, that heroic Prince is cleft into a barrel on the stage; a new asylum for distressed heroes.

§ All these are favourite expressions of Mr. R. and prominent in his Comedies, living and defunct.

|| Mr. T. Sheridan, the new Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, stripped the Tragedy of Bonduca of the Dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caratacus. Was this worthy of his sire, or of himself?



Awake, GEORGE COLMAN, CUMBERLAND, awake! 560  
 Ring the alarum bell, let folly quake!  
 Oh! SHERIDAN! if aught can move thy pen,  
 Let Comedy resume her throne again,  
 Abjure the mummary of German schools,  
 Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;  
 Give, as thy last memorial to the age,  
 One classic drama, and reform the stage.  
 Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,  
 Where GARRICK trod, and KEMBLE lives to tread?  
 On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask, 570  
 And HOOK conceal his heroes in a cask?  
 Shall sapient managers new scenes produce  
 From CHERRY, SKEFFINGTON, and Mother GOOSE,  
 While SHAKSPEARE, OTWAY, MASSINGER, forgot,  
 On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?  
 Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim  
 The rival candidates for Attic fame!  
 In grim array though LEWIS' spectres rise,  
 Still SKEFFINGTON and GOOSE divide the prize.  
 And sure great SKEFFINGTON must claim our praise, 580  
 For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays  
 Renowned alike; whose genius ne'er confines  
 Her flight to garnish GREENWOOD's gay designs,\*  
 Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon  
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on;†  
 While poor John Bull, bewildered with the scene,  
 Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;  
 But as some hands applaud, a venal few,  
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now, ah! wherefore should we turn 590  
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?  
 Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,  
 Or, kind to dullness, do ye fear to blame?  
 Well may the nobles of our present race  
 Watch each distortion of a NALDI's face;

\* Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, Scene Painter to Drury Lane Theatre; as such Mr. S. is much indebted to him.

Mr. S. is the illustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty;" and some Comedies, particularly "Maids and Bachelors." *Secularis baculo magis quam lauro digni.*

Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,  
And worship CATALANI's pantaloons,\*  
Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace  
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let AUSONIA, skilled in every art 600  
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,  
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,  
To sanction vice and hunt decorum down :  
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er DESHAYES,  
And bless the promise which his form displays ;  
While GAYTON bounds before the enraptured looks  
Of hoary Marquises and stripling Dukes :  
Let high-born lechers eye the lively PRESLE  
Twirl her light limbs that spurn the needless veil ;  
Let ANGIOLINI bare her breast of snow, 610  
Wave the white arm and point the pliant toe ;  
COLLINI trill her love-inspiring song,  
Strain her fair neck and charm the listening throng !  
Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice !  
Reforming Saints ! too delicately nice !  
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,  
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave ;  
And beer undrawn and beards unmown display  
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile 620  
Of vice and folly, GREVILLE and ARGYLL !†

\* Naldi and Catalani require little notice, for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds ; besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the Lady's appearance in trowans.

† To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the Institution, and not the Duke of that name, which is here alluded to.

A Gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyll Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon ; it is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested, but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes ? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connexions, to hear the billiard-table rattling in one room, and the dice in another. That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tubor and fiddle without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallowed fane,  
 Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,  
 Behold the new PETRONIUS\* of the day,  
 The Arbiter of pleasure and of play!  
 There the hired Eunuch, the Hesperian choir,  
 The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,  
 The song from Italy, the step from France,  
 The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,  
 The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine, 638  
 For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and Lords combine;  
 Each to his humour,—Comus all allows;  
 Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.  
 Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade!  
 Of piteous ruin which ourselves have made:  
 In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,  
 Nor think of Poverty, except "en masque,"  
 When for the night some lately titled ass  
 Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.  
 The curtain dropped, the gay Burletta o'er, 640  
 The audience take their turn upon the floor;  
 Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,  
 Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap:  
 The first in lengthened line majestic swim,  
 The last display the free, unfettered limb:  
 Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair  
 With art the charms which nature could not spare;  
 These after husbands wing their eager flight,  
 Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease! 641  
 Where, all forgotten but the power to please,  
 Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,  
 Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:  
 There the blithe youngster, just returned from Spain,  
 Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;  
 The jovial Caster's set, and seven's the nick,  
 Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!  
 If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,  
 And all your hope or wish is to expire,

\* Petronius "Arbiter elegantiarum" to Nero, "and a very pretty fellow his day," as Mr. Congreve's Old Bachelor saith.

Here's POWELL's pistol ready for your life. 660  
 And kinder still a PAGET for your wife :  
 Fit consummation of an earthly race  
 Begun in folly, ended in disgrace,  
 While none but menials o'er the bed of death  
 Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath ;  
 Traded by liars and forgot by all,  
 The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,  
 To live like CLODIUS\*, and like FALKLAND† fall.

Truth ! rouse some genuine Bard, and guide his hand  
 To drive this pestilence from out the land. 670  
 Even I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,  
 Just skilled to know the right and choose the wrong,  
 Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost,  
 To fight my course through Passion's countless host,  
 Whom every path of Pleasure's flowery way  
 Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—  
 E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel  
 Such scenes, such men destroy the public weal :  
 Altho' some kind, censorious friend will say,  
 " What art thou better, meddling fool, than they ?" 680  
 And every Brother Rake will smile to see  
 That miracle, a Moralist in me.  
 No matter—when some Bard in virtue strong,  
 GIFFORD perchance, shall raise the chastening song,  
 Then sleep my pen for ever ! and my voice  
 Be only heard to hail him and rejoice ;  
 Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I  
 May feel the lash that virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals,  
 From silly HAFIZ‡ up to simple BOWLES, 690

\* Mutato nomine de te  
 Fabula narratur.

† I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality ; on Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer ; his faults were the faults of a sailor ; as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause ; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.

‡ What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could

Why should we call them from their dark abode,  
 In broad St. Giles's, or in Tottenham road?  
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare  
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square?  
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,  
 Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,  
 What harm? in spite of every critic elf,  
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;  
 MILES ANDREWS still his strength in couplets try,  
 And live in prologues, though his dramas die. 700  
 Lords too are Bards, such thing at times befall,  
 And 'tis some praise in Peers to write at all,  
 Yet did or taste or reason sway the times,  
 Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?  
 ROSCOMMON! SHEFFIELD! since your spirits fled,  
 No future laurels deck a noble head;  
 No Muse will cheer, with renovating smile,  
 The paralytic puling of CARLISLE:  
 The puny Schoolboy and his early lay 710  
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away;  
 But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse,  
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?  
 What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer?  
 Lord, rhymster, petit-maitre, pamphleteer! \*  
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,  
 His scenes alone had damned our sinking stage:  
 But Managers for once cried, "hold, enough!"  
 Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.  
 Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,  
 And case his volumes in congenial calf; 720  
 Yes! doff that covering where Morocco shines,  
 And hang a calf-skin† on these recreant lines.

he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, where he reposes with *Ferdous* and *Sadi*, the Oriental Homer and Catullus, and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the Daily Prints.

\* The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the Stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward anything for the Stage except his own Tragedies.

† "Doff that lion's hide  
 And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs,"  
*Shakespeare's King John.*

Lord C.'s works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves.

"The rest is all but leather and grammar."

With you, ye Druids ! rich in native lead,  
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread ;  
 With you I war not : GIFFORD's heavy hand  
 Has crushed, without remorse, your numerous band.  
 On "all the Talents" vent your vental spleen,  
 Want your defence, let Pity be your screen.

Let Monodies on Fox regale your crew,  
 And Melville's Mantle\* prove a Blanket too ! 730  
 One common Lethe waits each hapless Bard,  
 And peace be with you ! 'tis your best reward.

Such damning fame as Dunciads only give  
 Could bid your lines beyond a morning live ;  
 But now at once your fleeting labours close,  
 With names of greater nete in blest repose.

Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid  
 The lovely ROSA's prose in masquerade—  
 Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,  
 Leave wondering comprehension far behind†. 740  
 Though BELL has lost his nightingales and owls,  
 MATILDA snivels still, and HAFIZ howls,  
 And CRUSCA's spirit rising from the dead,  
 Revives in LAURA, QUIZ, and X, Y, Z.‡

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,  
 Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,  
 Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,  
 St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the Muse,  
 Heavens ! how the vulgar stare ! how crowds applaud !  
 How Ladies read ! and Literati laud !  
 If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest, 750  
 'Tis sheer ill nature ; don't the world know best ?  
 Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,  
 And CAPEL LOFT§ declares 'tis quite sublime.

\* Melville's Mantle, a parody on "Elijah's Mantle," a poem.

† This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew K——, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca School, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go ; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk.

‡ These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

§ Capel Loft, Esq. the Mescons of shoemakers, and Preface-writer-General to distressed versemen ; a kind of gratis Accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring it forth.

Hear then, ye happy sons of needless trade!  
 Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!  
 Lo! BURNS and BLOOMFIELD\*, nay, a greater far,  
 GIFFORD was born beneath an adverse star,  
 Forsook the labours of a servile state,  
 Stemmed the rude storm, and triumphed over Fate: 760  
 Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,  
 BLOOMFIELD! why not on brother NATHAN too?  
 Him too the Mania, not the Muse, has seized;  
 Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:  
 And now no Boor can seek his last abode,  
 No common be enclosed without an ode.  
 Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile  
 On Britain's sons and bless our genial Isle,  
 Let Poesy go forth, pervade the whole,  
 Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul: 770  
 Ye tuneless cobblers! still your notes prolong,  
 Compose at once a slipper and a song;  
 So shall the fair your handy-work peruse,  
 Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.  
 May Moorland weavers† boast Pindaric skill,  
 And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!  
 While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,  
 And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,  
 Neglected Genius! let me turn to you. 780  
 Come forth oh CAMPBELL‡! give thy talents scope;  
 Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?  
 And thou, melodious ROGERS! rise at last,  
 Recal the pleasing memory of the past;  
 Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,  
 And strike to wonted tones thy hallowed lyre

\* See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one chooses to call it, on the enclosure of "Honington Green."

† Vide "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire."

‡ It would be superfluous to recal to the mind of the reader the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Hope," the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's Essay on Man: but so many poets have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.

Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,  
 Assert thy country's honour and thine own.  
 What! must deserted poesy still weep  
 Where her last hopes with pious COWPER sleep? 790  
 Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,  
 To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel BURNS!  
 No! tho' contempt hath marked the spurious brood,  
 The race who rhyme from folly, or for food;  
 Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast,  
 Who least affecting, still affect the most;  
 Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—  
 Bear witness GIFFORD, SOTHEY, MACNIEL.\*  
 "Why slumbers GIFFORD?" once was asked in vain :†  
 "Why slumbers GIFFORD?" let us ask again. 800  
 Are there no follies for his pen to purge?  
 Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?  
 Are there no sins for Satire's Bard to greet?  
 Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?  
 Shall Peers or Princes tread pollution's path,  
 And 'scape alike the Law's and Muse's wrath?  
 Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,  
 Eternal beacons of consummate crime?  
 Arouse thee, GIFFORD! be thy promise claimed,  
 Make bad men better, or at least ashamed. 810

Unhappy WHITE!‡ while life was in its spring  
 And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,  
 The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair  
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.

\* Gifford, author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal.

Sothey, translator of Wieland's *Oberon* and Virgil's *Georgics*, and author of *Saul*, an Epic poem.

Macniel, whose poems are deservedly popular; particularly "Scotland's Scath or the Woes of War," of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

† Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* should not be his last original works: let him remember, "Mox in reluctantes, Dracones."

‡ Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.



Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,  
 When Science 'self destroyed her favourite son!  
 Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
 She sowed the seed, but death has reaped the fruit.  
 'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow  
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low: 820  
 So the struck Eagle stretch'd upon the plain,  
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart:  
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,  
 While the same plumage that had warmed his nest  
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be who say, in these enlightened days,  
 That splendid lies are all the poet's praise; 830  
 That strained invention, ever on the wing,  
 Alone impels the modern Bard to sing:  
 'Tis true, that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,  
 Shrink from the fatal word to Genius—Trite;  
 Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,  
 And decorate the verse herself inspires;  
 This fact in Virtue's name let CRABBE attest,  
 Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the best.

And here let SHEE\* and Genius find a place,  
 Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace: 840  
 To guide whose hand the sister Arts combine,  
 And trace the Poet's or the Painter's line;  
 Whose magic touch can bid the canvas glow,  
 Or pour the easy rhymes' harmonious flow,  
 While honours doubly merited attend  
 The Poet's rival, but the Painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower  
 Where dwelt the Muses at their natal hour;  
 Whose steps have pressed, whose eye has marked afar,  
 The clime that nursed the sons of song and war, 850  
 The scenes which Glory still must hover o'er;  
 Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore:

\*Mr. Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art."

But doubly blest is he whose heart expands  
 With hallowed feeling for those classic lands ;  
 Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,  
 And views their remnants with a poet's eye !  
 WRIGHT !\* 'twas thy happy lot at once to view  
 Those shores of glory, and to sing them too ;  
 And sure no common Muse inspired thy pen  
 To hail the land of Gods and Godlike men.

860

And you, associate Bards !† who snatched to light,  
 Those Gems too long withheld from modern sight ;  
 Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath  
 Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,  
 And all their renovated fragrance flung,  
 To grace the beauties of your native tongue ;  
 Now let those minds that nobly could transfuse  
 The glorious Spirit of the Grecian Muse,  
 Though soft the echo, scorn a borrowed tone ;  
 Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

870

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,  
 Restore the Muse's violated laws ;  
 But not in flimsy DARWIN's pompous chime,  
 That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme :  
 Whose gilded cymbals, more adorned than clear,  
 The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear,  
 In show the simple lyre could once surpass,  
 But now worn down, appear in native brass ;  
 While all his train of hovering sylphs around,  
 Evaporate in similies and sound :  
 Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die ;  
 False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.‡

880

Yet let them not to vulgar WORDSWORTH stoop,  
 The meanest object of the lowly group,

\* Mr. Wright, late Consul-General for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem just published ; it is entitled " *Horne Ionice*," and is descriptive of the Isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.

† The translators of the Anthology have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

‡ The neglect of the " *Botanic Garden*," is some proof of returning taste ; the scenery is its sole recommendation.

Whose verse of all but childish prattle void,  
 Seems blessed harmony to LAMBE and LLOYD : \*  
 Let them—but hold, my Muse, nor dare to teach  
 A strain, far, far beyond thy humble reach ;  
 The native genius with their feeling given  
 Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven. 890  
 And thou, too, SCOTT ! † resign to minstrels rude,  
 The wilder Slogan of a Border feud :  
 Let others spin their meagre lines for hire ;  
 Enough for Genius if itself inspire !  
 Let SOUTHEY sing, altho' his teeming muse,  
 Prolific every spring, be too profuse ;  
 Let simple WORDSWORTH chime his childish verse,  
 And brother COLERIDGE lull the babe at nurse ;  
 Let spectre-mongering LEWIS aim, at most,  
 To rouse the Galleries, or to raise a ghost ; 900  
 Let MOORE be lewd ; let STRANGFORD steal from MOORE,  
 And swear that CAMOENS sang such notes of yore ;  
 Let HAYLEY hobble on ; MONTGOMERY rave ;  
 And godly GRAHAME chaunt a stupid stave ;  
 Let sonnetteering BOWLES his strains refine,  
 And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line ;  
 Let STOTT, CARLISLE, ‡ MATILDA, and the rest  
 Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,

\* Messrs. Lambe and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.

† By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his hero or heroine will be less addicted to "Gramarye," and more to Grammar, than the Lady of the Lay, and her Bravo William of Deloraine.

‡ It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my Guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover ; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it ; but as his Lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burthen my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler ; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with diverse reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides I do not step aside to vituperate the Earl ; no—his works come fairly in review with those of other Patrician Literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his Lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle ; if so, I shall be most par-

Scrawl on, till Death release us from the strain, 910  
 Or Common Sense assert her rights again;  
 But Thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,  
 Should'st leave to humbler Bards ignoble lays:  
 Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,  
 Demand a hallowed harp—that harp is thine!  
 Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield  
 The glorious record of some nobler field  
 Than the vile foray of a plundering clan  
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man?  
 Or MARMION's acts of darkness, fitter food  
 For outlawed Sherwood's tales of ROBIN HOOD? 920  
 Scotland! still proudly claim thy native Bard,  
 And be thy praise his first, his best reward!  
 Yet not with thee alone his name should live,  
 But own the vast renown a world can give;  
 Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,  
 And tell the tale of what she was before;  
 To future times her faded fame recal,  
 And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine Poet's hope 930  
 To conquer ages, and with Time to cope?  
 New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,  
 And other Victors \* fill the applauding skies;  
 A few brief generations fleet along,  
 Whose sons forget the Poet and his song:  
 E'en now, what once-loved Minstrels scarce may claim  
 The transient mention of a dubious name!  
 When Fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,  
 Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last,  
 And glory, like the Phoenix midst her fires,  
 Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

ticularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated, and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from Elegies, Eulogies, Odes, Episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark:

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?"

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!"

So says Pope. Amen!

\* "Tollere humo, victorque virum voltare per ora."

Vingli

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,  
 Expert in science, more expert in puns?  
 Shall these approach the Muse? ah, no! she flies,  
 And even spurns the great Seatonian prize;  
 Though Printers condescend the press to soil  
 With rhyme by HOARE, and epic blank by HOYLE—  
 Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,  
 Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.\*  
 Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,  
 Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass; 950  
 A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,  
 Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There CLARKE, still striving piteously "to please,"  
 Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees—  
 A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,  
 A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,  
 Condemned to drudge the meanest of the mean,  
 And furbish falsehoods for a magazine—  
 Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;  
 Himself a living libel on mankind.† 960

Oh dark asylum of a Vandal race!‡  
 At once the boast of learning, and disgrace;  
 So sunk in dulness, and so lost in shame,  
 That SMYTHE and HODGSON || scarce redeem thy fame!

\* The "Games of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of Whist, Chess, &c, are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "Plagues of Egypt."

† This person, who has lately betrayed the most rapid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the "Art of Pleasing," as "Lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the Satirist. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

‡ "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—Gibbon's Decline and Fall, page 83, vol. 2. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

|| This gentleman's name requires no praise: the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius, may well be expected to excel in original composition of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,  
 The partial Muse delighted loves to lave ;  
 On her green banks a greener wreath is wove  
 To crown the Bards that haunt her classic grove,  
 Where RICHARDS wakes a genuine poet's fires,  
 And modern Britons justly praise their Sires.\* 970

For me, who thus unasked have dared to tell  
 My country, what her sons should know too well,  
 Zeal for her honour bade me here engage  
 The host of idiots that infest her age.  
 No just applause her honoured name shall lose,  
 As first in Freedom, dearest to the Muse.  
 Oh ! would thy Bards but emulate thy fame,  
 And rise, more worthy, Albion, of thy name !  
 What Athens was in science, Rome in power,  
 What Tyre appeared in her meridian hour, 380  
 'Tis thine at once, fair Albion ! to have been :  
 Earth's chief dictatress, Ocean's mighty queen !  
 But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the plain,  
 And Tyre's proud piers lie shattered in the main ;  
 Like these thy strength may sink in ruin hurried,  
 And Britain fall—the bulwark of the World !  
 But let me cease, and dread CASSANDRA's fate,  
 With warning ever scoffed at, till too late ;  
 To themes less lofty still my lay confine,  
 And urge thy Bards to gain a name like thine. 990

Then, hapless Britain ! be thy rulers blest,  
 The senate's oracles, the people's jest !  
 Still hear thy motley orators dispense  
 The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,  
 While CANNING's colleagues hate him for his wit,  
 And old dame PORTLAND † fills the place of PITT.

Yet once again, adieu ! ere this the sail  
 That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale ;

\* The " Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem, by Richards.

† A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. was likened to an old woman? replied, "he supposed it was because he was past bearing."

And Afric's coast and Calpe's\* adverse height,  
 And Stamboul's† minarets must greet my sight: 1000  
 Thence shall I stray through beauty's‡ native clime,  
 Where Kaff§ is clad in rocks, and crowned with snows  
 sublime.

But should I back return, no lettered rage  
 Shall drag my commonplace-book on the stage:  
 Let vain VALENTIA§ rival luckless CARR,  
 And equal him whose work he sought to mar.  
 Let ABERDEEN and ELGIN¶ still pursue  
 The shade of fame through regions of Vertu;  
 Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,  
 Mis-shapen monuments, and maimed antiques: 1010  
 And make their grand saloons a general mart  
 For all the mutilated blocks of art;  
 Of Dardan towers, let Dilettanti tell,  
 I leave topography to classic GELL\*\*;  
 And quite content, no more shall interpose,  
 To stun mankind with Poesy, or Prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturbed career,  
 Prepared for rancour, steeled 'gainst selfish fear:  
 This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdained to own—  
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown, 1020  
 My voice was heard again, though not so loud,  
 My page, though nameless, never disavowed,  
 And now at once I tear the veil away.—  
 Cheer on the pack! the Quarry stands at bay,

\* Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.

† Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.

‡ Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants.

§ Mount Caucasus.

¶ Lord Valentia (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and typographical) deposed, on Sir John Carr's unlucky suit, that Dubois's satire prevented his purchase of the "Stranger in Ireland,"—Oh fie, my Lord! has your Lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist? but "two of a trade," they say, &c.

¶ Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of Phidias; "Credat Judeus!"

\*\* Mr. Gell's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

ed by all the din of MELBOURNE house,  
 MBE's resentment, or by HOLLAND's spouse,  
 FREY's harmless pistol, HALLAM's rage,  
 's brawny sons and brimstone page.  
 en in Buckram shall have blows enough,  
 el they too are "penetrable stuff:" 1030  
 ough I hope not hence unscathed to go,  
 onquers me shall find a stubborn foe.  
 ne hath been, when no harsh sound would fall,  
 ips that now may seem imbued with gall,  
 ols nor follies tempt me to despise  
 eanest thing that crawled beneath my eyes;  
 w so callous grown, so changed since youth,  
 rned to think, and sternly speak the truth;  
 d to deride the Critic's starch decree,  
 reak him on the wheel he meant for me; 1040  
 rn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,  
 re if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:  
 ore, though all my rival rhymesters frown,  
 an hunt a Poetaster down:  
 rmed in proof, the gauntlet cast at once  
 tch marauder, and to Southern dunce.  
 much I've dared to do; how far my lay  
 wronged these righteous times, let others say:  
 et the world, which knows not now to spare,  
 rely blames unjustly, now declare. 1050





## POSTSCRIPT.

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AVE been informed, since the present edition went to Press, that my trusty and well beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement diatribe on my poor, gentle, *unresisting* Muse, whom they are already so bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry :

"Tantæne animis coelestibus Ires !"

I suppose I must say of JEFFREY as Sir ANTHONY AGUE-PAKE saith, "an I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him." What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus, before the number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to blow my pipe with it in Persia.

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of insolence towards their great literary Anthropophagus, JEFFREY; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by "lying and slandering," and quench their thirst by "evil speaking?" I have adduced his already well known, and of JEFFREY's mind I have given my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury:—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I was there "persons of honour and wit about town," but I am coming back again, and their vengeance I keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this edition, my name has not been concealed; I have been openly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions.

and in daily expectation of sundry cartels ! but, alas ! "the age of chivalry is over," or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth yclepid HEWSON CLARKE (Subaudi, Esquire), a Sizer of Emanuel College, and I believe a Denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet: he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and what is worse, the defenceless innocent above-mentioned, in the Satirist, for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with the Satirist. He has, therefore, no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir FRETFUL PLAGIARY, he is rather pleased than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my Bear and my book, except the Editor of the Satirist, who, it seems, is a gentleman, God wot ! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. JERNINGHAM is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord CARLISLE; I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy, and whatever he may say or do, "pour on, I will endure." I have nothing farther to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publisher, and in the words of SCOTT, I wish

"To all and each a fair good night,  
And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

## FARE THEE WELL!

---

FARE thee well! and if for ever—  
Still for ever, *fare thee well*—  
E'en though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er can'st know again :

Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,  
Every inmost thought could show !  
Then thou would'st at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so—

Though the world for this commend thee—  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
E'en its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe.—

Though my many faults defac'd me,  
Could no other arm be found  
Than the one which once embrac'd me,  
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not,  
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own its life retaineth—  
Still must mine—though bleeding—beat ;  
And the undying thought which paineth,  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead :  
Both shall live—but every morrow  
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather—  
When our Child's first accents flow—  
Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father!"  
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee—  
When her lip to thine is prest—  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—  
Think of him thy love hath bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more may'st see—  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults—perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness—none can know;  
All my hopes—where'er thou goest,  
Whither—yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken,  
Pride—which not a world could bow;  
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken  
Even my soul forsakes me now.

But, 'tis done—all words are idle,  
Words from me are vainer still:  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force the way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie;  
Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die,

THE END.

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MALCOLM, PRINTER, TRONGATE.

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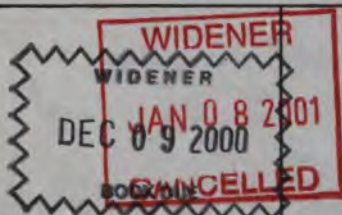


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